

## **This Empire of Dirt by CommanderSpork**

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Abuse, Anal Sex, Angst, Billy Hargrove/OFC, Billy's past, Blowjobs, Car Sex, First Time, Hand Jobs, Hate Sex, Homophobic Language, Hurt/Comfort, Internalized Homophobia, M/M, Mom! Steve, Rimming, Steve Harrington/OFC - Freeform, steve being a dumbass

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**Summary:**

Being a teenager has never been easy for anyone. However, things get even harder for Steve Harrington when he finds himself questioning his sexuality, growing attached to someone with more than a little baggage, and being one of only a handful of people who know of the existence of alternate dimensions. Set post season 2.

# **1. Leader of the Pack**

## **Author's Note:**

16-02-2020 edit: I am not making money off of this fanfic and do not wish to do so in consideration of copyright issues with the source material. I am not giving permission for this fanfic to be copied to or indexed on any other platform or application - with or without credit to me. I condemn all fanfic platforms or applications which are monetizing fanworks through subscriptions, ads, or other means. I urge all people involving themselves and unconsenting fanfic writers with that business to stop immediately; you are opening the doors yet again to lawsuits from copyright holders and as such are threatening fandom as a whole. AO3 has created a (legal) safe space for us fanfic writers and we should be thankful for that and play by the rules.

## **Notes for the Chapter:**

This is going to be a story that will follow Steve and Billy in their developing relationship with each other. There will be sex, there will be romance, but there will also be pain. Ultimately, this is a story that will explore what it can be like loving someone who is messed up, and how unequipped teenagers are to properly deal with this.

Tags will be updated as the story develops. I will post the relevant CHAPTER TAGS at the end of each chapter, so you can check whether the chapter has things that trigger you - or that correspond to your kinks ;D

Enjoy.

(Edit:

The chapter title is derived from this song: <https://>

[www.youtube.com/watch?v=241mnuTfRe4](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=241mnuTfRe4)

The fic title is derived from this song: [https://](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kPz21cDK7dg)

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It was New Year's Eve in Hawkins, India. Steve Harrington opened the fridge to find another beer. The cold air rolling out of it temporarily froze everything around him. The bustle that filled the house promptly returned.

Steve's parents had left for Europe just before Christmas – “*You’ll be fine dear, won’t you?*” – and weren’t coming back until next week. He’d spent Christmas at Dustin’s. Steve had been glad he’d been wanted. Still, it was uncomfortable. Mrs. Henderson had just been so nice to him. Just before he’d left she had pressed to him how glad she was that Dustin finally had ‘a decent male role model’ in his life. They had also invited him for New Year’s, but Steve had declined. Instead, he had decided to go The Party everyone had been talking about. It would be good for him, he’d told himself. If he just got back into his old habits, he’d be fine.

Yet, he wasn’t enjoying himself. He was just hovering, not talking to anyone. People kept their distance. As if they could see it on him. See that he was on edge, because he was plagued by a nervousness that didn’t go away. But if that’s what they thought, they were wrong. He was *fine*. He was Steve Harrington, and Steve Harrington was always fine.

He had thought the beers would take the edge off. He’d been sure if he just got some alcohol in his system, he’d dive right in and start working on reasserting his status of *King Steve*. In the past year, he had become part of Steve&Nancy. She’d been his world. All the things that had mattered to him so much before, he’d lost track of. Which all worked out fine, until she left. Then, he was just Steve. And superficial or not, he needed something to plug the hole she’d left behind.

Instead of better though, the beers just made it worse. The beats of the music, the swarm of limbs moving in all directions. It became disorientating. By the time of his third beer, it was all becoming too much. Steve pushed himself through the crowd, till he found the stairs.

There were several people hanging around upstairs, and two bedrooms had already been invaded by the party. The kid whose house it was would have a shit time cleaning up tomorrow, that was for sure.

Steve found a door leading to a room that was unoccupied. He snuck inside and closed the door behind him. He just needed a moment. If he just took a moment, he'd be *fine*.

He sunk in the armchair at the other end of the room, putting the bed between himself and the door. His head fell in his hands. He took deep breaths as he stared at the floor. His heart was hammering in his chest.

The door swung open wildly. Force great enough to slam it into the wall and launch it back.

"Yeah!" the figure at the door shouted. "I'll be right back, just taking a leak man!"

Steve got a good look at him when he crossed the room to the bathroom. It was Billy Hargrove.

*Not. Right. Now.* Steve thought as he rubbed his throbbing head. He remained quiet in his corner. Billy seemed high on himself, as per usual. This way, the guy might miss him entirely and just move along. Billy went into the bathroom, left the door at a crack, and took a piss.

When he came back out, he halted at the door frame looking for a cigarette. He patted himself down until he found it. He put the cigarette in his mouth and lit it. He threw his head back as he drew his first deep drag. His eyes were glazed over when he opened them. Then, entirely by chance, they settled on Steve.

"Well, well, well," he began. "Didn't see you there sulking in the corner, Harrington. Get a good view of me in there?" He pointed over his shoulder to the bathroom.

"Piss off," Steve said.

Billy laughed as he strode over to Steve. "*Or what?*"

Billy took another drag of his cigarette, before taking it out of his mouth. He blew out the smoke slowly and calmly, letting it wash over Steve like a poison gas. Everything from his stance to the way he smoked had that cool confident manner about it. It rubbed Steve entirely the wrong way.

“Or what, Harrington?” Billy punctuated. “You wanna try fight me again? Forgot about last time already?”

“Haven’t forgotten how you were fighting dirty.”

Billy smirked. He took another drag of his cigarette. He looked down at Steve the way a teacher looks down on a particularly stupid child they pity. Steve's blood boiled.

“You think you could take me if we’d just be fists against fists?” Billy said. He licked his lips. He threw his cigarette to the floor and extinguished it with his foot. Right on the carpet. “I think not. You know what I’m hearing? Tommy tells me you also got your ass kicked by the Byers boy. Yeah, the one who walked off with your little girlfriend.”

“Shut up!” Steve roared, as he jumped to his feet.

Billy stepped in and shoved Steve. This time, however, Steve didn’t go flailing back. He had his feet planted. Billy’s hands landed on Steve’s chest and they ended up nose to nose.

“Oh,” Billy grinned. “This is new.”

He seized Steve by his shirt and spun him halfway round. Steve knew the next thing would be Billy’s fists in his ribs. He reacted quickly, kicked Billy hard against his shin. Instinctively, Billy jerked back. He bit his lip in pain. A second later though, a grin broke out on his face. He pounced forward again, bringing about another round of close combat fight. They were locked together in violence. Elbows and knees were weaponized in a mean sort of way. Pushing, shoving, trying to get a good grip on the other while also keeping them away.

Steve tripped Billy against the side of the bed. Making use of the split

second of disorientation, Steve jumped on top of Billy. He held Billy's arms down by the wrists, and kept the rest of the of Billy's body pinned with his. He watched Billy's expression closely for any intent to a getaway attempt. Steve panted heavily, grinning. He was happy to finally come out on top.

"Oh no, seems you've got me beat," Billy trailed, his eyes sparkling, playing at damsel in distress. Steve did not fall for it. It was all make-belief appeasement. He knew these tricks. He'd played them himself.

Billy smirked, licked his lips, and canted his hips upward in a very deliberate way.

"What the fuck!" Steve shouted, and instinctively jerked back. A hard hot bulge had pressed into his thigh. A bulge which had definitely been part of Billy's anatomy, because it had *twitched*.

Billy made use of Steve's confusion, breaking free of his restraints, and grabbed Steve instead. In a blur, he flipped their positions, pinning Steve to the bed. Billy held him in place by putting his body flush on top of Steve's and holding one of Steve's wrists in a painfully tight grip. Steve squirmed in Billy's grasp. Billy grinned like a cat about to sink its teeth in the prey it had been toying with. The air between them was heavy. Between their eyes they held captive an electricity, ready to escape and fry them any moment.

Billy snuck his hand under Steve's shirt. Slowly he caressed Steve's side. His hand wandered all the way up to Steve's breastbone, taking Steve's shirt with it. Steve looked down at the procession, horrified. When Billy's thumb touched his nipple, he jolted into motion. He kicked and he pushed. Struggled violently to get free.

"Let go of me!" he demanded.

For a moment, Billy resisted. Then he stepped back. His tongue darted out of his mouth to lick his lips and there was a twinkle in his eyes – *as if the fucker got off of Steve's distress*.

Billy took another step back and held his palms up to Steve – white flags signaling cease-fire. Steve pushed himself up on his elbows. He

lay on the bed, panting, watching Billy mistrustfully. Billy walked away, toward the door... and closed it. He turned the key in its lock. Even then, Steve moved nothing but his eyes.

Billy stalked back around the bed, grinning. The cat had turned into a panther now. Steve's heart hammered in his chest again. His eyes tracked Billy's every move. When a gazelle has tripped, does it still want to run, or does it long for the panther's teeth?

Standing in front of him, Billy's features softened. It was a strange thing to see – it made him look like a different person altogether. It revealed how his face was made out of far fewer hard edges than Steve had always perceived there. It brought out the length of his lashes and the rosiness of his cheeks.

Billy reached out, holding his hand out to make his intent clear. Delicately, he placed the hand on Steve's knee. He kept his eyes locked on Steve's face as he trailed his hand up over Steve's thigh. Higher, higher, higher. Steve bit his lip. Briefly he remembered his younger self. Him and his friends daring each other to do stupid things. The thrill of it being how they knew they shouldn't.

Having completed its path, Billy's hand lifted to cup Steve's crotch. Steve's breath hitched. His eyes were locked on the point of contact as Billy lightly massaged him. Billy crawled up the bed and leant over Steve. He pressed his palm flat on Steve's stomach as the other worked to open Steve's belt.

Steve's eyes fell shut when Billy drew his jeans down. A voice in his mind wondered if he should stop, but Billy grabbed his arms and pinned them above his head. Billy placed his body over Steve's again, and grabbed Steve's dick. He started working him roughly. Steve moaned.

Steve opened his eyes again, he saw Billy's face close to his own. Billy's breath was ghosting over Steve's features. Billy's eyes held that challenge again, and Steve knew he couldn't back down.

Billy was fumbling with his own jeans, and then he had his dick out too. A jolt went through Steve as both their cocks touched. Billy started rubbing them off both at the same time. The rhythm was fast

and rough. They offered their responses in short, almost angry, little grunts. The act was as much a clash as it was about pleasure.

That was, until Billy flicked his thumb over Steve's slid and Steve's brain blissed out. He came with a soft, keening sound. Billy got him through it. He dropped Steve's softening dick only when Steve was all but shivering. In that moment, Billy pinned Steve's hands above his head again and began stroking himself with an even more punishing pace than before. Moments later, he came, deliberately spilling his cum onto Steve's stomach. The animal had laid its claim.

For maybe half a minute, Billy held himself up one arm, eyes closed. Then he got up, huffed at Steve, and put his own pants back on.

"Happy New Year, Harrington," he said. Then he left.

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The remainder of the night Steve actually had fun at the party. Billy was around for a while, but they didn't say anything to each other anymore.

Steve had fun with some vague friends and some randos. It was the sort of half-drunk ridiculous nonsense that makes you feel really close with whoever is around at that moment, while simultaneously not feeling any gloom about never seeing them again. It was the sort of nonsense that was both meaningless and exhilarating. When Steve came home several hours later, he went straight to bed not sparing the night another thought.

The following day he was standing outside the house smoking a cigarette - shivering in his t-shirt but too stubborn to put on anything warmer, wearing sunglasses because the brightness of the day was too much - he thought about the night before.

Was it wrong to hook up someone who nearly beat your ass into the hospital? Steve took two quick, shallow drags of his cigarette. He had fought with people before and then been cool with them later. He'd come to blows with Tommy once or twice in the duration of their friendship. Hell, Jonathan had given him a spectacular beat down a little over a year ago and they were more or less amiable now. But



wasn't hooking up with someone different from that? Steve took another drag of his cigarette, blew out the smoke quickly. *Nah*, he decided. It had felt good. He'd consider it Billy's way of making it up to him. Steve stubbed out the cigarette with his foot. Then he went inside.

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A few days later, school started again. Billy didn't act any different from. Or rather, he didn't act any different from the way other people acted. In comparison to himself, Billy acted very different indeed. He was no longer crushing Steve's nuts so much. Most of the time, he just kept to himself and his own clique. What he did not do, however, was in any way, shape, or form, acknowledge that anything of significance had transpired between them. So, that is what Steve took away from it as well. If this is how Billy wanted to play it, then that was how it was going to be. They'd messed around a little. A casual one-time hook up. Nothing to worry about, nothing to let anyone else know about. *Fine*.

This distance kept up day after day, stretching into weeks, and it was glorious. Billy didn't come looking for Steve every time they were at the same place. He no longer took every opportunity to tear Steve down in front of others – there was even one instance where Steve overheard Billy halting Tommy when the guy tried to start something. There were no more shenanigans in the showers. And while Billy was still a mean opponent in basketball, he no longer went out of his way to always be on the opposing practice-team and he no longer made it personal. He even passed Steve the ball a couple times when it was in a strategic interest to do so.

And all of this helped Steve's rep too. Getting bagged in public one too many times stuck to you like a stench. Made people avoid you, lest it put them on the short-list for being next. So now that Billy had cooled it, Steve could use his own cool guy act to improve his social standing again. Steve did not care as much about that as he once did, but it was still High School. Things were just easier when you were higher up the food chain.

Soon enough, Steve had a little clique around him again. There was Nicole, who wasn't as much of a bitch as Tommy and Carol. Then

there was Kevin, a rich kid like Steve. There was Roxette, who'd just transferred in after taking a break from her teenaged modeling career. And then there were Chris, from the basketball team, George, Bryan, and Paula. Together, they made quite the group. They seemingly had it all – good looks, good life, good manners. And people admired them for it. Yep, they were a gang of popular High-Schoolers who were actually nice to others.

As such, they formed a good counter-weight to Billy and their clique. They were about equally popular, but they derived their status from partying hard, breaking all the rules, and putting other kids down. They maintained their top dog status from a mixture of fear and awe. Whenever Steve heard about another incident they'd caused, he was just glad he'd realized that wasn't who he wanted to be.

Steve was aware the contrast made him look good. For a moment, he had thought that might get him back into Nancy's good graces. When she passed him by in the hallways, she smiled and nodded to him in a way that said *good going, Steve*. However, she also very much continued to hold hands with Jonathan. And talking to her? Well, that was uncomfortable. She remained polite each time, *of course*, but it was still forced. Steve still loved her dearly, but time had passed and so he also could convince himself it was time to move on. He let his eye wander to Roxette. He told himself she was hot. Of course, if she'd been a model, she was Officially Sanctioned Hot. *Right?* Either way, she was flirtatious.

"*Stevie*," she would say, "what do you think of my new jacket?" And she'd sway her shoulders and push her breasts forward when she let Steve inspect her.

He played the game. Sure enough, not too long after she invited him over to her place. She had her own apartment. Turned out her parents did not even live in the state. She was really in Hawkins to have a quiet site to finish her school. And yes, she'd been big enough she could afford to pay for the place.

They put on a movie, but within twenty minutes it was abandoned as Roxette had grown tired of the pretense. Roxette was a little older, and she'd *been around*. She went straight for the goods. She got Steve's cock out of his pants and sucked him off like a champ. She

had this thing with her tongue that was absolutely flash. Steve nearly choked on his own spit as his mind supplied him with the image of who else had a thing with his tongue, right before he came.

“Are you okay?” she asked, as he went into a coughing fit.

“Yeah,” he choked out. “Fine. Don’t stop.”

Afterwards, she took him by the hand and took him to the bedroom. There she stripped naked, and spread herself out comfortably on her bed. She told it was his turn. When Steve realized what she meant, he blanked.

“Eh...,” he said. He’d done that with Nancy once, and he’d been glad when, after long minutes, she pushed his head away and told him to just stop already.

Roxette was insistent though, and so, somewhat reluctantly, he went to work. It took him long enough, but with her pointers he eventually got her off. He didn’t get hard again.

When they were done, he asked her where her bathroom was, “...to take a leak.” He locked the door behind him and washed his face. It didn’t remove his feeling of being unsavory. He grabbed the towel and dragged it over his tongue. It tasted like laundry detergent and left fuzz balls on his tongue, but it did make him feel better. Somewhat. He held the towel in his hand afterward, wondering if it was rude to just hang it back. He looked around and couldn’t spot an obvious answer to what else to do with it, so he put it back where he’d gotten it from. Then he rinsed his mouth again.

He’d fed his own cock to several girls and never thought anything of it. He’d even kissed some of them afterwards. But this was different. Girls had their stuff... all inside... and it was just... gross?

Steve left the bathroom and went to check on Roxette. She’d pulled on her panties and a sweater, and was absent-mindedly playing with her toes.

“I think I’m gonna head on home, ok?” Steve said.

She looked up. “Yeah.”

She smiled, but even Steve could see through it. As he got dressed, he turned around and tried to say something a couple of times. Though everything he could think of would just make it worse. Eventually, he just told her bye and went home.

He lay on his bed, but wasn't able to catch his sleep. He started feeling uncomfortable in his skin again. When he closed his eyes he saw faces that flowered open to reveal hundreds of teeth. After about an hour, he went down to his car and got out the baseball bat. He took it up to his room and held it as he got under the covers. He fingered the nails as he felt himself becoming sleepy. Finally, he sluggishly placed it against his nightstand. It was 3:30 by then.

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Sleeping with Roxette had been a mistake. The problem wasn't the act itself, but how it triggered an avalanche.

As Steve had only fallen asleep near morning, of course he pushed getting out of bed until the last moment. So by the time he pulled into the school's parking lot, there was only one spot left: right next to Billy's Camaro. And Billy was casually leaning against its side, eyeing Steve while Steve's car came closer. They locked eyes when Steve began pulling in. Billy smirked. At that moment Steve knew it: this wasn't going to be good.

Right when Steve turned off the engine, Billy pulled open the passenger door. He stuck his head inside.

"You're late, Harrington," he said. "And you look like shit. Stay up late last night?"

Oh yeah, they were back on.

Billy sniffed dramatically, once, twice, his nostrils flaring. Then quickly three times as if he was imitating rabbit.

"What's that smell, King Steve? Is that... *Roxette's* perfume?"

"None of your business, Hargrove," Steve retorted while getting out of his car. He swung his bag over his shoulder.

Billy followed him up, continuing the conversation over the roof of the car.

“She any good?” he asked. He licked his lips and gave Steve an amused look. “She sure’s got the looks, huh?”

Steve huffed. He started walking to class, but still, he couldn’t resist.

“What is it, Billy, been going through such a dry spell, you need to wait out here to ask me about *my* escapades?”

Billy continued to hover around him like a hungry cat. Steve’s insult apparently having no effect.

“Aaaw, such a gentleman,” Billy taunted. “Doesn’t kiss and tell.” Then he slapped Steve on the back hard enough for Steve to yelp. “Nevermind, Harrington, I’ll find out myself.”

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Over the next few days, Billy’s life zeroed in a few very simple things: charm Roxette, breath, and torment Steve. When it came to Roxette, Billy was *determined*. At first her response to his onslaught had been weary flirtation. Typical blow off for a girl like her. However, the fucker was smooth. Smoother than Steve would have ever thought possible. He was giving it to her with the practiced charm of a movie star. Each time he talked to her, he schooled his features into the mask of softness Steve had briefly seen at New Year’s Eve. Like that, he appeared like he found her the most interesting person the world. It also made him look exceedingly handsome. The shit part was, it was working. It annoyed the fuck out of Steve.

When it came to messing with Steve, Billy was equally determined. Every morning, Billy was waiting for him to be a general nuisance. He treated Steve to insults, taunting, and occasionally an absolutely bunk story. (“Did you know this one time Vikings raided an Italian city by saying their leader’s last wish was to have Christian burial? When they were subsequently let in, he jumped out of his coffin and they sacked the town. Hah! Isn’t that something?”).

One morning Billy was there and exulted to him he’d wooed

Roxette.

“Man, isn’t she a wild one, huh?” he said about her. “But of course, you know that already, don’t you, *Stevie*?”

Another time, he purposely tripped Steve, only to catch him just before he got a warm welcome from the ground.

“Hey, watch where you’re going, *my lord*.”

Steve had been seething, ready to fling his books to the floor and tell Billy to fuck off in the only language he believed Billy understood. However, right at that moment, the school principle had walked outside and Steve knew how it would look. He had to swallow his pride and keep walking. When he’d come home from the whole demodog affair with his face in all shades of the rainbow, the only thing his father had said was: “You’re getting in too many fights, son.” Shaking his head and his tone disapproving. Steve had known it to be a warning. Having the principle call his dad would definitely get him in more trouble than it would solve.

That wasn't the whole of it, though. Billy also took every opportunity to continue his devout work during the few classes they had together. Anything to get on Steve’s nerves, really. One class he sat behind Steve and bumped his wobbly desk into Steve’s chair. Continuously. Another class he was flicking small paper balls at Steve’s head. Finally, he passed notes which were various degrees of offensive. Steve really did not know how to feel when he got a note with two crudely drawn figures having sex dubbed: Steve & Roxette. When Steve turned to look at Billy, the other guy was licking his lips. An amused twinkle sparking up his eyes.

During lunch breaks, thankfully, Billy left him alone. Of course, that was when Steve always had his friends surrounding him. Steve hadn’t forgotten how this worked – you get them when they’re alone, that’s when they’re vulnerable.

The day after Billy and Roxette allegedly screwed, she was back at Steve’s lunch table. The few days before she’d been joining Billy’s.

“You’re back,” Steve noted. Even though he didn’t see a future with

Roxette, fair is fair, he did like her.

“Of course,” she said, and sat down next to him. “See Stevie,” she slit her fingers in Steve’s hair. She grazed her sharp nails over the back of his head. “Billy’s got looks, but guys like him aren’t boyfriend material. Any sensible girl should see that.”

During basketball practice Billy was back on his asshole A-game again. During practice games, he minimized Steve’s time with the ball to mere seconds. Whenever Steve had the ball, he would bee-line to him and end that situation by any means necessarily. Playing fair and personal space were unheard of in such moments. The coach told Billy to cool it a few times, but it had little effect. Whenever they were practicing specific moves, Billy would orchestrate Steve to be skipped whenever he could get away with it.

Chris saw what was going on – of course he did, he had eyes after all. He tried to interfere once.

“Hey, quit being such a dick,” he called Billy out. This was after he skipped Steve yet again during a shooting drill - instead passing the ball right to the guy behind Steve.

Billy looked behind him to see if Chris was talking to anyone else. It was fake. It was dramatic. But it was effective: it got Steve even more annoyed.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Oh come the fuck on,” Chris continued. “Just play fucking fair and give Steve the ball.”

Billy turned to Steve then. Pulling a face of disgust while keeping a finger pointed at Chris.

“You hearing this, Harrington? The boy queer for you or something?”

That’s when the coach interfered. “On your own time, ladies!”

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They had a game against another school. It wasn't an important match, but a game is a game, and it was a disaster. The other team mopped the floor with them. The worst of it was, they weren't even that good. No, the spectacular humiliation was all on the Hawkins High team – or lack thereof. If they hadn't all been wearing the same shirts, no one would have sorted the Hawkins boys into the same team. It was pathetic, and everyone had seen that. All the town's people who'd come out to watch trickled out of the sports hall, disappointed. The boys from the Hawkins team were in a foul mood, and eager to get out of there. Steve being no exception. And even the opponents weren't in high spirits. A victory gained without a fight wasn't much of a victory at all.

“Hey, Harrington,” the coach halted him. “Can we have a word?”

With his towel stretched around his neck Steve stood waiting for the coach's two cents.

“I think it's no secret you and Hargrove don't get along,” he began. Steve nodded. “I've seen it going on at practice, and I let it go, thinking it might inspire some fire in the both of you. But right now, tonight, it was affecting our game. And that wasn't the first time.”

Steve stared off in the distance. “Tell me about it.”

“I am telling you about it, Harrington,” the coach insisted. His stern tone snapped Steve back to attention. “I'm going to make this very simple for you: This stops right now. You boys find a way to put this behind you and get back to playing the game. If you don't, I will have no choice but to remove one of you from the team. And son, I like you very much, but at the moment that's looking to be you. Billy's got attitude, but he is the superior player here.”

For a moment, Steve felt the urge to pinch himself. He had to be dreaming. Except, of course not, because this just fitted so perfectly with everything else that had happened. Steve saw his world cracking apart. His vision blurred. *No. Fucking no!*

Steve looked up, but the coach had already left. In fact, the room had cleared except for a custodian who was sweeping the floor behind the bleachers, wearing a Walkman. Steve let himself fall back



on one of the benches, fuming.

The door to the locker room swung open. "Hey, Harrington, you coming, or what?"

Steve looked up and saw a sweaty Billy walking toward him. Saw that swagger in his walk and that grin on his face, and then he just... snapped. He jumped up, roaring, and grabbed Billy by his shirt. Fueled by his rage, he steered the other boy back into the equipment room. Billy, of course, just laughed as he was being man-handled by Steve.

With a final shove, Steve sent Billy tumbling back into the darkened space. He slammed the door behind him.

"What the fuck do you want?" he shouted.

Billy laughed again as he straightened and brushed some imaginary dust off himself. Steve launched for Billy once again. This time slamming him against the wall.

"You obsessed with me or something?" Steve continued. "Every fucking morning you are there waiting for me like some fucking stalker." His grip on Billy's shirt tightened. He pulled the guy forward an inch, then slammed him back against the wall again. "And maybe instead of calling Chris a queer, keep your hands to yourself next basketball practice, hmm!?"

A few heavy moments of silence passed. Next, Billy leaned forward and whispered in Steve's ear: "Got something in your pocket, or are you just happy to see me?"

Steve's grip slacked. His head dropped down. "Fuck," he whispered.

Billy's hands wrapped around Steve's biceps. Steve bit his lip. Emotions overwhelmed him in that moment, but he wasn't sure why.

Billy guided him back against the door. Steve's feet went along easily, putting up no resistance. Billy used his foot to push the pin in the floor, locking the door. He slipped a hand on Steve's neck, thumb caressing the soft spot behind Steve's ear.

“Come on, Stevie,” he said. “Show me what you got.”

Steve shoved him back again, but followed him on the step. He reached inside Billy’s shorts and grabbed his dick in a painfully tight grip.

“This what you want, Hargrove?” he sneered as he began pumping Billy in a punishing rhythm.

Billy threw his head back, closed his eyes momentarily. Then he crowded Steve back against the door, shoved down his shorts and briefs. He grabbed Steve just as unceremoniously as Steve had grabbed him. Spared him no love either. Steve stared at Billy defiantly as they stood in the darkened equipment room jacking each other off, as if he was determined to defeat him. Somehow.

The hand disappeared from Steve’s dick. Steve’s free arm twitched, instinctually wanting to grab Billy by the wrist and force him to return to what he’d been doing. Billy, however, brought his hand to his own face and licked a long wet stripe over it. Slick, it returned to its post.

The softest little moan escaped Steve. His head dropped forward to Billy’s shoulder. But he was still *angry*. So he dug his nails in with force when his free hand clawed at Billy’s back. This made Billy gasp. He snaked his fingers into Steve’s hair and pulled his head back roughly. With a painful grip

It didn’t last long. Billy came first, painting Steve in hot white ropes of cum. Steve watched this biting his lip. Then he came too.

## Notes for the Chapter:

Chapter tags:

#Steve Harrington/Billy Hargrove, #Steve Harrington/OFC, #Billy Hargrove/OFC, #first time, #hand jobs, #hate sex, #homophobic language, #internalized homophobia,

## 2. The Back of His Car

### Notes for the Chapter:

Chapter title from this song: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=j3aLqKnTuHs>

Steve spends a considerable amount of the time with the kids. In part it is because he has taken a liking to them, and to mentoring them – especially Dustin. However, it is also because he’s worried about them. Dustin had unconsciously raised a demodog. The entire gang had wanted to run into an alternate dimension to fight a whole pack of demodogs. And after they’d been told no? Max – aged 13 – had jacked a car and driven them out there to do it anyway. It wasn’t that Steve disapproved of them misbehaving – he’d known more than his fair share of that – but the things they were messing with weren’t firecrackers, or spray paint, or ordering a dozen pies on Mr. Amberson’s account. They had been messing with stuff most people couldn’t even come up with in their nightmares. And that made their ignorance of danger or consequences a matter that had the potential of ending very, very bad. So Steve liked to keep an eye on them. We wanted to ensure they didn’t run off and get themselves killed if any Upside-Down stuff started up again.

Dustin’s mother had previously expressed her appreciation for Steve’s involvement in her son’s life, but Steve could tell Joyce Byers was also especially grateful. There was never a time when she wasn’t at least a little worried about Will. When she found Steve spending afternoons at her house, keeping Will company, she tried paying him. Steve declined, she needed the money more than he did. Besides, Will was a sweet kid – sensitive, kind – and Steve hoped maybe he could undo some of damage he’d suffered.

Most of the time, they spent in their dining room, playing games. Sometimes they would sit there and Steve studied while Will drew. Steve liked the dining room. It didn’t come with bad memories like their living room. One afternoon however, Will insisted on showing him a video tape. The kid was so excited about it, Steve couldn’t say no. For the first 20 minutes or so, Steve watched. He didn’t particularly care for the tape, but he found Will’s excitement about it

adorable. Then, his eyes started wandering.

“...Steve?” Will called.

Steve blinked. How long had he been staring at that spot on the floor?

“Do you want more juice?”

Steve nodded. The tape had run out. He’d been staring at the spot where the Demogorgon first landed. Where it fell and clawed through the ceiling like it was a membrane. How his brain had short-circuited and the clear evidence of something impossible. Steve shook the thoughts, but couldn’t entirely shake the feeling they left.

There were more instances after that. Moments where he would find he’d lost touch with the world around him and couldn’t recall for how long. In some of these moments, his hand or his jaw or his neck was sore, as if he’d tensed his muscles for a long time.

“Are you alright?” Kevin had asked him once during the lunch break.

“Yeah, fine,” Steve had replied in a light-hearted tone. He’d been mortified about the question and had made sure to join his friends to the party that night. He didn’t feel very engaged in it, however. He couldn’t make himself care. It all felt so pointless. That feeling was haunting him. That was why he’d declined most of the party invites he’d been getting as of late.

Halfway throughout the night, however, Billy showed up. Steve latched his gaze onto him the moment he noticed.

Things between them had been quiet since their second bump and grind. Billy was no longer waiting for Steve every morning. He no longer bothered Steve during class or practice. There’d been no name-calling, no physical torments.

Steve was glad it was over again – of course he was. It was just that it had become such a routine that its abrupt end felt odd.

The last time, however, Billy had eventually come back to tormenting him. So Steve told himself *that* was why he checked for Billy’s

whereabouts about every minute. He stood there, biting his lip, drink in hand, still half-turned toward his friends, sneaking glances from under his hair. He told himself he should be ready for when the guy would come over. Be ready with a witty retort, be ready with his feet planted firmly to the floor.

Eventually, Billy disappeared without so much as a glance to Steve. At that moment, Steve suddenly felt very tired. He went home not too long after. There was a strange feeling in his gut. He spent the ride home trying to figure out what it was.

*Disappointment*, he realized when he pulled his car onto his driveway.

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The next day, he stuck a note in Billy's locker. *Meet me in the old equipment shack 16:00*, it said.

Steve was there 15:55. The place was a good hundred feet away from the main building and was barely used. As a Junior Steve had spent quite some time there, secretly smoking cigarettes with his then friends. He smiled, tapping his fingers on the old table he was leaning against. The time dragged slowly. Steve checked his watch eight times. Every time he did, his courage dropped.

By 16:10 Billy showed up.

"Harrington," Billy offered with a nod.

"You came," Steve returned dumbly. He slipped past Billy to close the door. He stuck a broom behind the door handle, like he had done so many times before.

Billy turned around, hands in his pockets. His face schooled neutral. "So what now?"

Steve bit his lip. *Yes, what now, Steven?* Steve had imagined that after Billy would show up, things would just magically happen. It became clear however, that he would actually have to ask. Somehow. He combed his fingers through his hair a couple times.

Billy huffed. "You're wasting my time, Harrington."

“No!” Steve said. His hands shot out to cup Billy’s arms, holding him in place. Billy’s eyes flicked down and he smirked. The reaction made Steve a bit self-conscious. “No... Just...”

Steve struggled to find a way to make his intent clear. With a girl, he would have just kissed her. He was not, however, going to kiss Billy to make his point. That wasn’t fitting. *Goddamn, this was difficult.* The last two times it had just happened. One type of passion transforming into another. But he did not want to hit Billy either. *Interesting*, he noted – *he did not want to hit Billy.*

“Whatever,” Billy said, and began pushing past Steve.

“Wait! Wait!” Steve jumped back to block Billy’s path. Billy halted.

Steve’s hands went down to his own belt, which he unbuckled. He popped the buttons of his fly. “This.” He raised his eyes to Billy. “If you want to.”

Billy’s eyes narrowed. Steve’s heart. He must have miscalculated! He braced himself, certain the next thing would show him just how much of a mistake that had been. But Billy did not lash out. He moved closer, his warm breath ghosting over Steve’s face. Two of his fingers hooked onto the waistband of Steve’s Calvin Klein boxer briefs. Steve held his breath, hoping. With his eyes he pled.

All of Billy’s exuberant confidence appeared gone. Billy stood frozen, seemingly incapable of doing this without the insults and the fight to hide behind.

Steve huffed. He was becoming annoyed, but not as much as he was horny. So his hands went to Billy’s belt, moving carefully. Maintaining a cautious eye on Billy’s features. Billy allowed him.

With a shaky breath Steve opened Billy’s jeans and drew his cock out. It was hard and leaking. Steve let go of a long full of air. *What a relief.* Steve sought eye-contact, but Billy looked away.

Steve started stroking Billy. Gentle, so much more gentle than last time. Billy took out a smoke and lit it up. He took a long drag and blew the smoke to the side. Steve didn’t comment on it. He could see

how tense the other's body was.

Softly, he pushed Billy a few paces back to prop him against a nearby workbench. He drew close and pulled out his own cock as well. He attempted to pull his hand around both and stroke them simultaneously. It had looked easier than it was.

"Come here," Billy said. He threw his cigarette to the floor. His hand wrapped about both their cocks with ease. He managed it expertly.

Steve stifled a moan. Steve's eyes fixated on Billy's cock. He was struck by how beautiful he found it. He didn't remember ever thinking that about anybody's sex parts before.

The realization made him gasp. His hands reached out and drew Billy's black briefs further down, till they sat on his full thighs. Steve reached for Billy's sack. Ran his fingers over his balls. Cupped it in his hand. He found the sensation endearing.

Looking up to Billy's response, he found him with his eyes closed, his cheeks flushed and his mouth slack. Steve's hips stuttered forward. Billy slowed down his pace so they could both more easily trust into his hand.

If only the shack wasn't so goddamn cold, Steve could strip off his shirt. In his mind, he already pictured Billy flicking his tongue over a nipple. Immediately, his mind one-upped itself and supplied him with the image of Billy sucking him off. Would Billy do that? Steve panted heavily.

Billy grabbed Steve's hip and stilled him. He focused his strokes on their tips. They were quick, wild strokes now.

"I'm gonna cum," he grunted.

Steve reached for Billy's shirt and shoved it up, out of the way. Billy managed a lob-sided grin before he came. Steve followed immediately after. The moment the climax was over, they withdrew their hands from each other.

"You spilled some," Billy said. His comment had that mocking edge to it. He pointed to Steve's pants.

Steve looked down and groaned.

“Here,” Billy said.

Steve looked up in surprise – just in time to catch a rag. He used it to wipe off the worst of the cum. A damp spot was still visible though. From the corner of his eye Steve saw Billy putting his clothes back in place and drawing out another cigarette. Steve decided to do the same – for the dressing part at least.

Once done, Billy clapped him on the shoulder and made his exit. Near the door he turned around. Cigarette between his lips, he said: “Might wanna hold your coat in front of that, or something.”

That’s exactly what Steve did as he walked to his car in a pace that was just short of calling attention to himself.

“Aren’t you cold?” Nicole called out to him. She was still standing around chatting with some girls.

“Nah,” Steve called back, as he bee-lined to his car.

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Steve was in his room doing some accounting homework. It wasn’t a priority – he was good at accounting, and he had a mean biology exam coming up. He wasn’t good at biology. At least not the kind that involved a jumble of unpronounceable words and descriptions of how microscopic processes made things work. Personally, he’s much more fascinated by *that* they work: You have sex and it feels good. You eat a big hamburger and a plate of fries and you’re not hungry anymore. You hit a demodog with a bat full of nails and it dies. Does there have to be anything more to it?

There was a knock on Steve’s door, before it opened to a crack.

“Steve?” his mom asked.

“Yeah?” Steve responded. He turned away from his desk.

“Ehm,” his mother began. “A boy’s been parked out in front of our house for a while now. I think he must be one of your friends.”



Steve put his pen down and followed his mother to take care of her implied request. He didn't think she would be able to tell who his friends were these days. In fact, it wouldn't even surprise him if all that there was to see was some random thirty-year-old with a baseball cap parked near their driveway. *Still*.

He jogged down the stairs. Straightened his clothes before he opened the door and stuck his head out.

Blue Camaro.

Instantly, Steve put his body on the other side of the door. He pulled it nearly all the way shut behind him. Billy was leaning onto the hood, smoking a cigarette.

"What are you doing here?" Steve asked as he paced up to Billy.

Billy cocked an eyebrow. "Way to make a fella feel welcome, Harrington," Billy said.

"Yeah, yeah," Steve said. He looked over his shoulder to see if his mother might be watching from between the curtains. She wasn't. Of course she wasn't. "My parents are home."

Billy looked over Steve's shoulder too. His tongue coming out of his mouth for a little dance. He unfolded his arms to place his hands on the hood next to his legs. *Dang*, Steve noted, *his pants are really tight*. Then Steve's eyes travelled up and took in Billy's mostly open shirt, his muscled chest underneath. The subtle silver ring in Billy's ear had been replaced by a larger ring with a dangling golden cross on it. His face was clean shaven, and, oh, he smelled good. Was Billy meeting a girl later? The thought made Steve's toes curl.

"They gone a lot?"

"Yeah." It took Steve a moment to come up with. "Dad is trying to set up a daughter-firm in Detroit. And no, daughter-firm does not mean they sell daughters, or anything –but that doesn't matter right now." Steve shook his head. "So, really, why are you here?"

Billy flicked away his cigarette. "I'm here to copy your homework," he said sarcastically. That nasty look crept back over his face, and

Steve took a step back when Billy broke away from the hood. Billy rounded the car and got in behind the wheel. He fired up the engine, and it seemed he would depart with screeching tires. The car remained where it was.

A few seconds ticked by with Billy drumming his fingers on the wheel. Then he groaned and slid down the passenger side window.

“You want to go for a ride?”

“Yes.”

Steve hurried to snatch his keys from the bowl in the hallway and closed the door. He didn't bother telling his parents he was going to be out. A moment later he found himself sitting in Billy's car. They looked at each other for a moment, then Billy put the car into gear and drove off.

For a few minutes, they drove in silence. Steve sat quietly watching the darkened world outside. The houses of Hawkins gliding by. What was he going to do? Talk about the weather?

At a traffic light, Billy placed his hand on Steve's thigh. The touch was brief, but it did remove Steve's doubts about the intent of their trip.

Two blocks down they took another turn. In the distance the houses thinned out. Eventually the road would take them into the woods. Two shards in Steve's mind crashed into each other. They were young, they were horny, they had a car – and they were driving into the woods. Steve wasn't stupid.

“Take a left,” Steve said.

“What?”

The woods would afford them the privacy they'd want. Steve agreed with that part of the thinking. The particular part of the forest they were approaching though...

Train tracks splattered with meat, a scrap yard full of monsters, and wondering if maybe one of those fuckers got away. Those weren't

things Steve wanted in his head when trying to get off. They were the sort of thoughts Steve expected might impact his performance. He doubted Billy would be very nice about that.

“Next crossing, take a left,” Steve asserted.

“What for?”

“I know a great spot down that way,” Steve lied.

Billy took his eyes of the road and looked at Steve wearily.

“What, you want me to pay for gas or something?” Steve jeered.

That shut Billy up. He went left on the next crossing. Steve gave directions from time to time. Other than that, they were silent again. By the time they left the town behind, Steve scanned their surroundings continuously. If he remembered correctly, there was some sort of dirt road not too far up ahead.

“There!” he said. “That one.”

They drove onto it with a speed that made them shake and bump around in the car like oranges in a crate. When they’d nearly cracked their heads open, Billy slowed down the pace.

After a few hundred meters, the road ended at a fence that blocked off an empty field. To the left there was a small clearing. Billy used that space to park the car. The place was... It wasn’t great. But it was quiet. Billy snorted – no doubt disapproving. He did turn off the engine though.

Billy got out. Steve did the same. The grass crunched under his feet. It was a cold night. He walked around the car, joining Billy on his side. Billy was leaning against the still open door. He smirked when Steve looked at him.

“Lose the pants,” Billy said, matter-of-factly.

“Such a romantic,” Steve returned.

“Oh? Didn’t realize you needed to be romanced, Harrington,” Billy

said. "But you can look at the stars or whatever."

His hand vaguely gestured in the direction of the field. It was meant to be mocking, but Steve's eyes reflexively followed. His gaze roamed the sky. There actually were stars. If he wanted to score points with someone he liked, Steve noted, the place *could* in fact be romantic. When he turned back, he saw Billy shaking his head and grinning.

"Jesus, Harrington," he said. He spat on the ground. When he looked back up, his eyes had darkened. He held Steve with his gaze expectantly.

It was a cold night, but Steve's hands went to the fly of his jeans. He opened it, and undid the button. For a split-second he considered how specifically Billy had meant 'pants'. Then he hooked his thumbs behind both layers of clothing and yanked them down.

"Good," Billy said. He broke away from the car and stalked forward.

Instinctively, Steve stepped back, nearly tripping with his jeans pooling around his ankles. Billy looked at Steve with a sly smile. He reached down and pulled the handle to flip the chair forward.

"Get in," he said.

Steve did. He crawled onto the far end of the back-seat, leaning against the side of the car. His legs were hovering somewhere between on the seat and on the floor. His heart somewhere between hammering in his chest and through it. Billy bend down, looked inside, grinned, then followed. He ended up bend half-way into the car – one knee on the floor, and one leg dangling outside. Billy wrapped a hand around Steve's ankle and started bending Steve's legs to his chest. Appreciatively, he brushed his free hand down the back of Steve's leg to his newly exposed ass. He hooked a hand around Steve's leg and started pulling him down on his back – bringing his ass further into focus.

Steve's arms shot out, scrambling for purchase. His muscles tensed, frustrating the move. Billy made a low sound, not quite a chuckle, not quite a growl.

"Relax princess," he said. "My dick isn't going to burst out of my pants and ram into your ass."

Steve laughed humorlessly. He ran his hand through his hair. "That would be quite a sight, wouldn't it?"

"Your face would be."

"Asshole."

A look of confused indignance played over Billy's face. Steve was certain it was a dramatic gesture – all bark and no bite. Billy licked his lips. Twice. Then he licked a long wet line over Steve's inner thigh.

Steve shuddered, his hand clasp at the seat. He crooked his neck to look past his own spread legs and see Billy. He felt the blond curls tickle his thighs as Billy went lower, licking trails over the sensitive place where Steve's legs ended.

"Turn around," Billy said in a husky voice.

No hesitation formed on Steve's end this time. As long as he was getting more of Billy's tongue on him, Steve was up to anything. He pressed his face against the cold window, and pressed his ass out toward Billy. Billy crawled closer and grabbed Steve's hips.

"If you tell anyone, *ever*," Billy growled, "this happened, you're dead. You understand?"

Steve nodded. "Yeah, yeah, just get on with it."

Billy slid his hands from Steve's hips to his ass. His warm breath ghosted over Steve's back. Just when Steve wanted to speak up again, Billy grabbed hold more firmly and spread Steve's cheeks. Steve gasped. He felt Billy's breath tickling over his skin lower and lower. And then a warm wet tongue slid down his cleft. His hips bucked forward. He cursed loudly. Billy chuckled.

Steve wondered if he was in his right mind doing this. Maybe the smart thing to do here was to stop playing with fire. Yank up his pants and get out. Walk home if he had to. His hips however, danced

back to source of the onslaught of their own accord.

Billy reasserted his grip, and this time Steve braced himself. He still moaned when Billy's tongue jabbed right at the center of his rim, let out a shuddering breath when Billy teased the skin around it, threw his head back when Billy started licking the spot extensively. Billy put a lot of creativity in the act – then lapping up and down, then circling his tongue, then only giving Steve the tip, then gifting him the whole surface of it. Steve no longer felt the cold seeping in through the open car door. He brushed his hand through his hair frantically. He panted and moaned. And when Billy started pushing his tongue in? Steve's hips started rocking back and forth. His dick was leaking and aching hard. He clawed at the window. He squeezed whatever he could get hold of until his knuckles were white. Billy's tongue was screwing in and out of him and Steve was so close to the edge. He kept on thinking the next time Billy's tongue would move in, he'd come. But he remained teetering at the edge. His hips stuttered irrationally, his mind was reeling.

"Please," he breathed.

Billy put one hand over Steve's hip again, held him in place, but otherwise continued as before. Being forced to be still increased Steve's pleasure, but he still didn't come. It was so maddening he felt he was going to sob.

"Please," he pled again.

"What was that?" Billy asked. His voice was dark and demanding. It was a power thing. Steve knew Billy wanted to feed off the power of being begged – and he did not care. He *needed* to come. Needed it so bad.

"Please," he said, raising his voice this time.

Billy lapped at Steve's rim. "Please what?"

"Please, please," Steve murmured. "Make me cum."

A flash of embarrassment shot through Steve when he heard his own voice producing those words, but then Billy's hand was around his

dick and it all became irrelevant. It took two, three strokes, before Steve was spurting thick robes of cum. He moaned obscenely, slumped gracelessly against the corner formed by the car's side and the seat.

He'd barely caught his breath, before Billy's fingers snaked into his hair. He pulled on it to make Steve look up. There was something visible on Billy's face – hunger? desire? demand? – that made Steve maneuver his body on the seat. Steve looked up eagerly – or as eagerly as he could manage while already entirely fucked out. The air was still charged. Billy was still cloaked in arousal. And Steve felt this twitch of excitement at the thought that Billy might want *him* to take care of it.

Billy unbuckled his belt. Steve watched. Billy opened his pants. Steve licked his lips. Billy drew his dick out and edged closer. Steve opened his mouth even before the tip of Billy's dick could press against it. Steve slacked his jaw so Billy could push in. It surprised him how much wider he had to open his mouth to make this possible, but the sensation was enchanting. The feeling of being stuffed, the heady smell, and the taste. *Enchanting*.

Steve let Billy slide in as far as his body would allow. He stilled Billy with an outstretched hand, then wrapped that hand around the remaining part of Billy's cock.

Steve began working Billy with his hand and his mouth. He bopped up and down. His moans not deliberate, but definitely not without effect. He looked down over his nose to see a dick disappearing into, and reappearing from, his mouth. It made him shuddered with want. He looked up to Billy's face and saw eyes screwed shut in obvious pleasure. He redoubled his efforts.

Billy grunted. His hips made little jittering movements now and then. Steve knew how badly he must want to slap Steve's hand away and slam all the way in. But he didn't. He didn't.

Steve slipped his hand up over Billy's stomach. It was hardened with muscles. Steve's eyes slipped closed for a moment, imagining Billy towering over him with his shirt off. The thought made him moan.

Billy's hands shot to Steve's head. He pressed Steve down on his dick as far as he would go. Steve wasn't prepared for what happened. He reflexively swallowed, but not fast enough. He choked, pulled off of Billy's dick, and started coughing. He got the rest of the cum on his face.

Billy started laughing. It was wicked and a little mean-spirited. Though Steve couldn't help laughing too, which came out as strange hiccupping in the middle of his coughing. He laughed because of the ridiculousness of the situation. He should be embarrassed by what just happened, but he wasn't. In fact, he'd *liked* it. Billy slumped back against the other end of the car. Their knees touched. Steve stared at him.

"What?" Billy spat.

Steve closed his eyes for a moment. He shook his head. "Nothing."

Half-heartedly Steve wiped some of the cum off his face. He felt boneless, and most of all, contented.

He opened his eyes again when he heard Billy get out of the car. A moment later, Billy leaned on the hood of his car, lighting a cigarette.

Steve put his clothes back on. He stepped out, still feeling a bit wobbly on his legs.

"Do you have, like, a rag or something?" Steve asked.

"Trunk."

Opening the trunk Steve saw Billy's sports bag. A damp towel was half tugged into it. He wiped his face with it. Then he wiped off the traces of cum left in Billy's car. He pulled a face and nodded. Nancy had taught him manners. Some, at least.

When done, he joined Billy at the hood. Billy had begun on his second cigarette, holding it in his hand as he stared off into the darkness. Steve plucked the cigarette from Billy's hand and took a deep drag. They both leaned on the hood of the car. They were silent for a while, sharing a cigarette.



"I'll get you home," Billy announced.

\*\*\*

Steve woke up screaming. His voice echoing off the walls scared him so he jumped out of bed. He had no idea what he'd dreamed about. But it must have been bad: his breathing was heavy, he was drenched in cold sweat, and he felt terror in his bones.

He peeled off his shirt and dropped it on the floor. He went to the bathroom and splashed some water on his face. A pale reflection was staring back from the mirror. It was the image of Steve Harrington. *Steve fucking Harrington*. People used to whisper that name in awe. Used to move out of his way when they saw him coming, *or else*. Now they speak his name in delight and admiration. Steve. King Steve. And kings? Whether feared or loved, they did *not* lay whimpering in their beds at night. They. Did. Not.

Steve looked in the mirror, gritting his teeth. This was unacceptable. He turned around and swung his fist against the wall. The tiles did not crack. His fist did. He snatched it back, pained, whelping. Blood started gushing out – cause hands bleed hard. He cupped his hurt hand to his chest, frantically searching for the first aid kit with his other.

Steve wrapped the bandages around his cracked knuckles in a chaotic pattern. By the time he had them in place, there was blood *everywhere*.

Steve began wiping the blood off his chest. It wouldn't come off easily. He wetted a washcloth in scorching hot water and began scrubbing fiercely. His skin lost the dark red stripes, but in exchange his skin became an irritated blushing pink.

Steve's breath came in short swallow gasps. His hand hadn't stopped bleeding. He noticed it began soaking the uppermost layer of his bindings. Frustrated, he yanked them off and threw them across the room.

Thirty-five minutes later, Steve was back in bed. He clutched his freshly bandaged hand at the wrist. His head was throbbing.

After that, more nights came in which he woke up hours before dawn, heart hammering, sweat cooling on his face. On those nights, he would snatch the blanket and yank it up to his chin. He'd flip to his other side with a force that sometimes shook his bed. He'd screw his eyes shut, and force himself to go right the fuck back to sleep.

\*\*\*

It was a Friday night. Steve's parents were spending the weekend in Detroit again. Steve was standing in the living room, half an eye on the football match on tv, while drying off a plate. He made himself pasta for dinner.

On the television the offensive team wasn't making any progress. They attempted to score a field goal, and missed. Steve's gaze wandered to the plate. He dried off a final soapy patch.

The doorbell rang.

Steve tossed the towel over his shoulder and went to the door. He expected it to be a door-to-door salesman. It was still just within their usual time slot. He opened one panel, and was just about to put on his 'I am not interested'-face, when he found Billy upon his doorstep.

"Are you alone?" Billy asked.

"Eh," Steve managed intelligently. "Yeah."

Billy pushed passed him, barging in without asking. For a moment Steve stared out onto their driveway, stupefied. Then he closed the door.

Billy's messenger bag had been dropped by the door. Billy himself strode into the house, his eyes wandering over the expensive vases, the stairs, the balcony, the chaise longue. He flopped down on the piece of furniture.

"Tell me, if you asked, would your parents get you a pony too?"

Billy was curled over the headrest, looking at Steve smugly.

"I have three priced race horses to my name," Steve said. He grinned.

The comment stunned Billy into silence for a moment. He licked his lips while peering at Steve, seemingly unable to decide whether this was bullshit.

Then his gaze wandered to the yard. He leaped off the chaise longue. He shoved the blinds aside. "You have a pool!"

There was a twinkle in his eyes. Momentarily. Then Billy's cool exterior came back. "I'd thought no one in this shithole had a pool."

Steve rubbed the back of his neck. "Yeah."

Silence settled between them. Steve rubbed the back of his neck. Billy Hargrove was in his house. He had walked in uninvited, but behaved as though he was. Steve wanted to ask Billy to leave. Billy wasn't a friend. Steve didn't want to seduce Billy. Billy did not belong in Steve's house.

Though glancing at Billy's face, Steve's mind supplied memories that made his body tingle.

Steve turned around. He walked into the kitchen to put away the plate he was still holding. Billy followed him, which Steve ignored. He opened the door to the dinnerware cabinet all the way. It offered a good shield between him and the situation.

In the meantime, Billy had wandered to the stove. He lifted the lid of the sauce pan. When Steve resurfaced from the cabinet, Billy was seated at the table, looking at him expectantly. Steve stared at him blankly.

"Do you... want to eat?" he offered after a moment.

"Thought you'd never ask, Harrington."

Steve silently got the plate out of the cabinet again. He slapped some pasta on it. The beeps of the microwave sounded deafening to Steve's ears. The machine hummed as it was heating the food up. Steve stared at the numbers counting down until it was ready. He gave Billy the plate and some cutlery, then leaned back against the counter, watching him.

Billy shoved the food down. He devoured it, in fact. Steve studied him as he did so. Billy's hair was disheveled, and he was only wearing a t-shirt. No jacket. Steve could see a hole in Billy's jeans over the knee that was sticking out from under the table. The skin revealed through the hole was scabbed. It looked like it had only recently stopped bleeding.

"Hm," Billy uttered when he was finished. It was a sound of appreciation, but no thanks. He wiped his mouth with his hand. His tongue shot out to lick the remaining sauce traces away. He drummed his fingers on the table before turning to Steve. "Can I see your room?"

\*\*\*

"Apparently, I really love squares," Steve said when they stepped into his bedroom. All the stripes were rather overwhelming. It had seemed like a good idea at the time. Or rather, two years back his parents had insisted him finishing his school year with slightly better grades than the year before was a reason to reward him with a redecoration of his room. He'd liked the drapes. Beyond that he really didn't care and had just whatever'd it by picking matching patterns for the other things. It took him about two weeks to regret that.

Billy stepped inside. He looked around, grinning. Then his gaze settled. He pointed at the poster of the underwear model. "Your friend got a name?"

Steve shrugged. Billy rounded the bed to subject the poster to closer inspection. His foot kicked against the handle of the bat. Steve heard the unmistakable sound of it clattering on the floor. Billy looked down and picked it up.

"What is this doing here?"

Steve shrugged again. "It's mine."

Dustin had told Steve Max had used the bat to threaten Billy. The whole interaction sounded intense. And it must have been effective too. From what Steve had heard of it, Billy hadn't so much as glared at Max after that. Steve could imagine how after that, the bat might

freak Billy out.

However, Billy didn't look intimidated gazing at the wood and the nails. He looked impressed. He ran his fingers over it, slowly.

"I thought it belonged to that Byers guy or something." He lifted it in his hand and swung it experimentally. Then he grinned. "You surprise me, Harrington."

Steve smiled. It shouldn't be something he should care about, but it still pleased him that he'd impressed Billy. "I'm badder than you think."

Billy snorted. "*Badder.*"

Grinning, Steve punched the air. "Yep. So bad I don't even do grammar."

Billy dropped the bat to the side of Steve's desk. "You're a *joke*, Harrington."

Though the words were objectively insulting, Steve could see the amusement in Billy's eyes.

Billy stalked back around the bed. At the other side, he slipped his messenger off his shoulder (*yes he had brought it upstairs with him*). Next, he strode forward until he stood right in front of Steve. He licked his lips and grabbed Steve by the hips. Steve drew in a sharp breath. *Shit.*

It hit him then: they were going to have sex.

Okay, that in itself wasn't so bad – but they were going to have sex in Steve's room. They were going to crash down on his bed. And he was going to feel the softness of sheets against his skin. While Billy Hargrove would get him off.

His sheets. Of his bed. In his room.

The way they'd been going about it before, Steve could disassociate from it. He could be doing it, but assign it no meaning. This what was about to commence now, however, *this* was personal.

Billy's hands, burning hot, slid under Steve's shirt. They traveled over his sides. One settled on Steve's lower back. The other reappeared from under the fabric to cup Steve through his trousers. Steve bit his lip as he looked down toward it, humming.

He grew bold then. If this was going to happen, he told himself, this would really happen.

His hands settled on the hem of Billy's shirt. Steve held his breath to see if they'd be slapped away. When they weren't, he began pulling the fabric up. Billy lifted his arms, easing the move.

The shirt landed on the floor. Steve felt a warm liquid spreading through him as he stared at the tanned, pumped muscles in front of him. He reached out to touch. Billy's body was hot and hard and...

Billy grabbed him by his biceps and roughly guided him back to the bed. There, he shoved Steve to make him fall back. Steve offered no resistance, landing his ass on the mattress willingly.

Half sitting, half lying, Steve stared up at Billy, who was standing in front of him. Steve thought of ridding Billy of his pants, of reaching out and putting Billy's dick in his mouth. Billy was already back into motion however. He slid Steve's pullover over his head, scrambled to get Steve's trousers off, went back up to also get Steve's Calvin Klein's.

Steve sat shivering in his socks and an old grey t-shirt while Billy was getting out of his boots. Billy popped the button of his jeans, but left them on as he moved back.

When Billy stood in front of him, Steve didn't hesitate for a second to yank Billy's remaining clothes down. Billy stepped out of the pool of fabric easily. And then he stood there, right before Steve's face, completely naked. A tingling sensation crept all over Steve's body. Of course he'd seen Billy naked before (in the showers after basketball), but not like this. Not with his erect cock standing out from his body. Not being open to Steve's wandering gaze. Not naked *just for him*.

"Holy mother of Christ," Steve muttered under his breath.

Steve settled his hands on Billy's hips and found Billy's dick with his tongue. He gave it a few soft licks. Billy placed a hand on Steve's shoulder for balance. Eagerly, Steve licked wet stripes of the Billy's length until Billy groaned. Then he opened his mouth and took him in. Again, he was overtaken with the pleasure of doing this. With the feeling of the shape and the weight sliding in and out of his mouth. Having that spicy-bitter taste invade his mouth. He didn't even do it entirely consciously, but after a moment Steve began jacking himself off while blowing Billy. Billy's hand was in his hair, his fingers rubbing his scalp.

Billy pulled away and Steve sighed in disappointment. Billy reached for the messenger bag and pulled back the flap. After rummaging around, he pulled from it a condom and what appeared like a soap bottle. Steve felt his face twisting up into a weird expression.

Billy laughed. "Harrington, you are such a virgin."

Steve blushed. "Shut up."

Crawling onto the bed, Billy pushed Steve back with his body until Steve was lying down with Billy hovering over him. For a moment, it appeared Billy was doubting himself, holding still. Then he lay himself down over Steve. He breathed heavily, a hand ghosting over Steve's side while he began grinding down. Steve gasped at the sudden friction. He clasped at Billy's shoulders and rolled his hips to get more.

Billy dropped the bottle and the condom on Steve's chest, just below his chin.

"So what is this for?" he asked.

Steve gazed down over his nose to the items. He snorted. "Fucking."

"Good boy," Billy teased. He punctuated his words with a moan and a few more forceful snaps of his hips.

Pulling Steve by his arm, Billy turned them both to their sides. They were facing each other. With a hand on the small of Steve's back, Billy pressed them close for continued friction. Steve bit his lip. He

felt the tension returning. Was he ready for this? Was this what he wanted?

Billy's travelled from his back to his arm before disappearing from Steve's body entirely. Billy's thrusts became lazy shadows of their former vigor. Steve watched as Billy picked up the bottle. He pushed out a clear gel-like fluid and spread it over his fingers. He reached behind himself and groaned.

Billy moaned and closed his eyes while he worked his fingers in and out of himself. A few times he went back and got more fluid. And at that moment, Steve really did feel like *such a virgin*. He was entirely out of his debt. It made him feel... well... his face was heating up and he was definitely blushing again.

The tip of Billy's tongue peeped out, licking his upper lip briefly, and disappeared again. He opened his eyes, heavy lids and long eyelashes cloaking most of his irises. The depths of the blues hiding behind them, peeking at Steve, that was intoxicating.

Steve reached out and trailed a hand over Billy's pecs, experimentally flicked a nipple. Billy sighed with pleasure. His eyes slipping closed again. Steve trailed his hand lower, over Billy's stomach – and finally, to his dick. He stroked him gently, the way he liked to stroke himself.

Billy rolled onto his back and spread his legs. Steve propped himself on an arm to continue stroking Billy from a comfortable angle. Billy's fingers were moving in and out of his hole. The guy they belonged to throwing his head back in pleasure, and lifting his hips up into Steve's touch.

He snagged Steve's hand away, lay still for a few moments, taking deep breaths.

"Put on the condom," he said.

"Huh?" Steve responded. His mind spurred into motion. And, embarrassingly, then, and only then, he caught on. He almost groaned at his own stupidity. *Billy didn't want to fuck him, Billy wanted Steve to do the fucking.* "Shit."



Steve grappled for the condom. He tore the wrapper and began pulling the rubber over his dick – almost the wrong way around now that he was too eager to keep his mind straight.

Billy squirted a royal amount of the fluid in his hand. He reached for Steve's dick and coated it with the stuff. Steve swayed his hips in a thrusting motion.

Looking Steve right in the eye, Billy's face became serious for a moment. "You push in slow. All the way in. You don't move until I say so, understood?"

Steve nodded eagerly. Anything for the privilege. Billy gave Steve's dick a squeeze before letting go. He rose to his knees and he turned around to face the wall behind Steve's bed. He threw Steve's pillows aside and braced himself with an outstretched arm to the wall. Sitting back, panting, Steve took a moment to take in the sight.

Getting on his knees too, Steve followed Billy. He put a hand on Billy's shoulder to steady himself. Billy reached around himself and pulled a cheek to the side, revealing his hole. It was glistening and fluttering.

Steve struggled out his shirt, then grabbed his dick and lined it up. When the head was against Billy's rim, Billy sighed. Steve squeezed his shoulder, silently asking if he was ready. Receiving no protest, he began pushing in. Slowly, just as he'd been instructed. His mouth fell open. He was gasping and mouthing half-formed words. He gripped Billy's shoulder hard. His other hand went to Billy's hip which he held tightly as well. Instinct urged him to let his hips stutter, but he forced himself to engage in nothing but a smooth forward slide. He wanted to do *exactly* as Billy had said.

"Fuck," Steve sighed breathlessly once he was buried to the hilt.

"Yes."

Steve smiled. He was too far gone to laugh. "Yes."

Billy resettled his knees on the mattress, spreading his legs a little wider. He leaned a bit further forward. "Okay."

Steve drew back a little and gave a shallow thrust. He moaned loudly. It felt so good. It felt so damn good. He doubted he could hold out very long. He wrapped a hand around Billy's cock and began stroking him. Steve thrust with a few smooth long strokes, then snapped his hips back and forth quickly. Billy moaned, dropping his chin to his chest.

"Harder," he choked out.

Steve pressed his lips tightly together and began thrusting with greater ferocity. He sped up the strokes with his hand too.

"Harder."

"Oh Jesus," Steve gasped. He wrapped both hands around Billy's hips and began ramming his cock in Billy's ass.

"Ah!" Billy cried out in pleasure.

Despite Steve's attempt to hold them in place, they shot forward with every thrust. Steve's head fell forward against Billy's shoulder. He was panting heavily and entirely flustered and probably delirious. Billy wrapped his hand around his own cock and stroked it furiously. He groaned, his other hand sliding off the wall and looking for purchase on the head of the bedframe. He arched his back, moaned, and came.

"Holy shit," Steve breathed. He felt Billy's body constrict around his cock. In a reflex he wrapped his arms around Billy's chest and pressed himself close. With a sound that was almost a mewl, he came too.

They both collapsed to their sides, still entangled. Steve blinked in astonishment. "Wow."

Billy looked over his shoulder with a lazy smirk. The motion made Steve acutely aware of how close they were in that moment. How their faces were right next to each other. How he could smell what remained of Billy's hair product. How warm Billy felt plastered against him. He rolled over to his back.

Billy made an ugly sound as Steve's cock slipped free. Steve glanced

at him, but there were no further signs of distress. Billy rolled onto his back too. They lay side by side with Steve's arm still trapped under Billy's body. Steve didn't mind that. He felt warm and drowsy. His breathing slowed down and he felt his eyelids becoming heavy.

"Wha'r'y'doin'?" Steve slurred when he noticed Billy moving away and trying to fish something up from the floor.

"Wiping off the cum before it dries."

A random item of clothing came up from the floor.

"Woa, not with that," Steve interfered. He pushed Billy's arm away with a sluggish limb.

"Don't," he punctuated when Billy seemed unconvinced. Billy continued staring at him, skepticism in his expression. It took Steve a moment, but then he rolled out of bed. "Wait."

Steve walked toward the bathroom. He pulled off the used condom on his way and dropped it in his trashcan. A moment later he came back with two lukewarm washcloths. Only then he thought to stop to bury the rubber under some crumbled papers.

"Here," Steve said as he handed the wet cloth to Billy. For a moment, Billy looked like Steve had given him a winning lottery ticket instead of a damp piece of cotton.

Steve looked away as he began washing himself. His eyes grazed over Billy's bruised knees. Somewhere in the back of his mind Steve wondered if it hadn't hurt for Billy to be on his knees while they got so rough. The thought fluttered away from him as he collapsed back on the bed.

After Billy had wiped off the mess on his stomach, he sat back and gingerly reached the washcloth between his legs. With half closed eyes Steve watched the proceedings. When Billy was done he froze in his spot on the bed. He looked timid.

"You look cold," Steve said, and began pulling the blankets up. Billy didn't respond immediately when Steve held the covers up, inviting Billy to lie down. Hesitantly, Billy slid down under the blanket. He

picked two pillows up from the floor and put one under Steve's head. They lay in bed together like that. Steve's hand was resting sloppily against Billy's chest. Sleep was beginning to claim him.

"I don't want to go home."

Steve cracked open his eyes. "You could stay?"

Billy's brow furrowed. He pressed his lips together.

"...if you want."

Billy nodded reluctantly.

"There is a phone... two doors down... on the right. If you want to call your parents or something."

"Yeah, they don't give a fuck."

Steve slid his hand to Billy's side and gave a reassuring squeeze. They looked at each other for a moment, melancholy smiles on their faces. Some sort of understanding formed between them, or at least Steve thought it did.

"Night," he whispered before turning around and burying half of his face in a pillow.

"...night."

Minutes later Steve was gone. Whether or not Billy had snuggled up to him right before he dozed off, he wasn't able to recollect.

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The sun crept through the blinds, painting Steve in stripes of warm yellow. He opened his eyes calmly. He felt well-rested. It was late morning. He'd slept since the night before uninterrupted. No nightmares, no waking up with a jolt. The last time that had happened, Steve didn't even try to recall.

He rolled onto his back and reached for the empty spot beside him. The imprint of a person's head was still in the pillow, but Billy was

gone. There were no sounds from anywhere in the house, and the messenger bag had disappeared. Billy must have left already. Steve petted the pillow thoughtfully.

Swinging his legs over the edge, Steve sat up. His eyes caught on the poster of the underwear model. Minutes passed by while he passively looked at it. He'd hung it in an attempt to gain ownership of this impersonal room. Though mostly he'd done so because Tommy had insisted it looked cool. He'd never much cared for the poster himself. Actually, he realized, he rather disliked it. It made him feel less like this was his room rather than more.

Steve stood up and pulled the paper off the wall. He carefully folded it, after which he placed it in the trash can.

He got a clean pair of boxers and a shirt from his drawers. He put yesterday's clothes in the overly-full laundry basket. He had breakfast and washed the plate he'd given to Billy the day before. Finally, he took a shower. In passing he caught his own reflection. He saw a smug grin on his face. Turning toward the mirror, he looked at his own twinkling eyes. Was this because of Billy?

Steve spent the remainder of the day around the house. He watched some TV, reduced the pile of laundry, smoked a ton of cigarettes, and jerked off a couple times. In the evening, Roxette called. She was having some people over that night and wondered if Steve would come too. He asked her who else she was planning to invite. She listed some guests. Billy wasn't one of them. Steve declined.

"Let's just talk then? I'm bored."

"Right now?"

"Yes," she said, laughing.

She started off talking about some superficial things – classes and nail polish and this really cute dog she'd seen. From there on out the conversation got more personal. She admitted to living by herself being lonely sometimes. She'd love to get a dog. It would surely help. But it wouldn't be possible, for who'd take the dog out when she was at school? She talked a bit about her life before Hawkins. She'd lived

in New York. She'd started modeling when she was fifteen and her career had taken off fast. It was all fancy and glamorous, but it was also very demanding. At some point she'd realized she wasn't quite ready to commit to that. She wanted to finish her school, wanted to be young before being a professional.

The conversation flowed easily between them. Steve realized he liked her a lot. More importantly, he liked her because of who she was, and not because she might be hot. In Roxette Steve recognized that same determination he'd found in Nancy. It was that sense of direction that made Steve feel grounded and flailing all at once.

"Hey Roxette?"

"Yeah?"

"Did you ever feel like everything you thought you were may not be true after all?"

"Yes."

"How did you deal with that?"

Roxette laughed. "Initially? Pretty bad."

"And then?"

"Then I accepted it and adjusted to my new self-knowledge. But honestly, right now, my advice would be to just let it happen."

"Mh."

"Are you okay, Stevie?"

"Yeah," Steve answered abruptly. Then sighed. "Just a lot of surprises in my life lately."

"That's part of growing up, dear," Roxette said. "Hey, I gotta bounce. Get ready before people are showing. I'd still love for you to come by."

"Maybe next time."

“Alright. Night, Steve.”

“Goodnight.”

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On Sunday, Steve went to Dustin's. They played a game Dustin liked. It was really complicated and Steve kept on forgetting the rules. It was fun regardless. Mrs. Henderson asked him to stay for dinner. He accepted.

Monday rolled around and Steve got up early. He woke before the sun was up and had the urge to make himself look nice. *He let it happen.* He spent a lot of time on his hair and he put on a jumper that didn't look too preppy. When he finally drove to school he was all riled up.

Billy's car wasn't in the parking lot. Maybe he was just late, Steve told himself. Though when Billy had made a point out of pestering Steve every morning (*trying to get his attention*), he'd always been there early.

Steve went to class. The morning was uneventful. He spent most of the last period before lunch staring at the clock. He was the first leaving the classroom. He'd found a table in the cafeteria long before his friends showed up.

He closely watched the students streaming in. Among them were Tommy H., and Carol, and the kids belonging to Billy's court. No Billy.

“Hey, any of you seen Hargrove today?” Steve asked his friends.

“No, why so?” Kevin answered. The others shook their heads.

“Eh, no reason,” Steve shrugged off the question.

“Well, we're all a lot better off without him,” Chris said. “It really pissed me off how he was treating you at basketball practice. Guess he did lay it off a bit now, huh?”

Steve poked at his vegetables. It bothered him that Billy wasn't at

school. Not being able to get recognition for that feeling was frustrating. *Maybe she's just skipping*, his own voice rang in his mind. *Barb*. The name came to him with a pang of guilt. He would have known his suggestion was completely nonsensical if he had ever bothered showing the slightest bit of interest in the girl. Now he understood. *Good going, Steven*, he reprimanded himself, over a year late.

Billy was the type to skip though. Steve chewed on his straw. Or he could just be down with the flu. That was another perfectly legitimate reason for someone not to be at school. Still, it did not sit well with Steve.

The remainder of the day Steve was plagued by the same set of thoughts: *Where is Billy? I've been an ass to Nancy. Barbara.*

When the last bell rang, Steve wondered if he should go check up on Billy. He wanted to. Just to be sure. Was that actually something he could do though? Was that the sort of relationship they had now? Billy had showed up to his house, unannounced. *Yes. To fuck. Okay.*

Steve imagined himself showing up at Billy's house, worried. Billy opened the door, fine but pissed. "Get lost, sissy boy!" he shouted. Steve flinched.

He drove out of the parking lot without a clear plan. He just drove. After a few minutes, he noticed he definitely wasn't driving home. He wasn't exactly driving to Billy's house either. He bit his lip and drummed his fingers on the wheel. He took a couple of pointless turns. Drove around in one of the residential areas.

There was a figure walking by the side of the road. Trashy. Staggering. Possibly drunk. There was dried blood on his shirt and on his face. Steve scoffed. *A disgrace to the community*. The voice providing him with that thought sounded like his mother.

Steve had almost lost the figure from his rear view when he realized who it was.

"Billy!"



## Notes for the Chapter:

Chapter tags: #Steve Harrington/Billy Hargrove, #angst, #momSteve, #rimming, #blowjobs, #carsex, #anal, #Steve being a dumbass, #homophobic slurs

Hey kids, just for my own peace of mind. In this chapter a distinction is made between condom use for anal and oral sex. This is something that I see in fics frequently, and also regularly encounter in people's actual preferences. That's fine. But being aware this fic may have younger readers, or people located in places were full and honest sex ed, I want to stress that: although the chances are lower, you can still receive and transmit STDs, including HIV, through unprotected oral sex. This is not a judgment about anyone's choices, but an attempt not contribute to myth-making that disallows the making of informed choices. Happy frolicking!

### 3. The Chilly Californian Sand

#### Notes for the Chapter:

Chapter title derived from: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fWDo4cGYf94>

Steve pulled over, putting the car on the parking break. He almost thought the better of it, before he stretched his body over the passenger seat and pushed the door open. He held his breath, unsure what would be worse: Billy getting in the car, or Billy refusing to do so.

Billy's hand appeared on the doorframe. He lowered his body in the seat. Pulled the door closed, not looking at Steve. Steve's eyes flicked up and down. There was a lot of blood on Billy. *A lot.*

The color drained from Steve's face. How much blood did it take for a person to bleed to death? By now he'd fought his way through a number of awful scenarios, but a person dying in his car wasn't yet part of it. He didn't want it to be. His throat constrained, making it hard to breathe. The felt air felt like it was condensing, exchanging its sweet breathable quality for the shape of a membrane. A membrane that with each breath was finding its way deeper into Steve, constraining his airways and filling up his lungs.

"Jesus, Harrington, you look like you saw a ghost."

Steve's eyes snapped to Billy. "What the fuck happened to you?"

Steve's breath hitched. He realized it when the question was out. What *had* happened to Billy? He felt the sudden urge to check over his shoulder, check the backseat of the car. It was empty of course.

"Nothing," Billy said. He crossed his arms.

"This is not nothing," Steve pressed. He didn't want to know, but if it was happening, then he needed to know.

“Pfft.” Billy slid down in the seat. “You’re my mom now?”

Steve rolled his eyes. “Real mature, Billy.”

“Yeah!?” Billy barked. “Maybe don’t put your nose in my fucking business!”

He moved to open the door. The cold air was streaming into the car. Steve snatched Billy’s wrist. It halted him. He turned his face, his skin was red and his eyes were wild. Steve’s breath hitched. He hadn’t forgotten what Billy was capable of when pushed.

“Okay, sorry. Just sit down... please,” Steve said, not letting go of Billy’s wrist just yet though. Despite the anger Steve didn’t want Billy to leave. He’d seen the red in Billy’s eyes, seen that he was upset but trying to hide it. And if he was staggering around outside, he wasn’t getting anybody’s sympathy. Only scolding and no love. That was familiar. “You don’t have to tell me if you don’t want to. I’ve been in plenty of stupid fights myself. I’ll just drive... okay?”

Billy finally slid back down in the seat, pulling the door shut softly. He avoided eye contact, instead staring out of the window while he nodded.

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Standing in Steve’s hallway, Billy’s behavior was the polar opposite of the last time he was at Steve’s house. Instead of marching straight on, touching whatever he desired to touch, he stood quietly on the doormat. He looked like a drowned dog afraid to upset its owner by dripping on the mahogany floor.

After they had driven around for a good fifteen minutes, Steve had proposed to take them to his house to get Billy patched up. Billy had given a minuscule nod.

Steve fumbled with his keys, then put them away. He reached for Billy’s arm, not wanting to take his hand. Billy followed him to the bathroom meekly.

“Eh...,” Steve uttered once they stood across each other in Steve’s spacious bathroom.

Billy stripped off his shirt, holding it around his wrists. He looked at Steve through his locks. Vulnerability painting the color of his eyes.

The blood had soaked through his shirt, making his skin look like he’d spilled beets on it. However, there were no wounds or bruises. Steve nodded. A strained sigh left Billy. Whatever had caused this, Billy felt bad about it. He’d been worried that he was hurt under his clothes, and he’d felt ashamed of it. Could it be that Billy had ran into something out in the woods that made him feel embarrassed because he couldn’t quite place what it was? Was Billy’s state a plausible reaction to that?

Steve snapped out of his thoughts. Billy looked like a mere shadow of himself. He needed to feel Steve cared, but Steve didn’t know what to say. His eyes scanned the room. They settled on the bathtub.

“Let’s get you cleaned up, yeah?”

He span the faucets so the water suddenly clattered on the creamy white plaster of the tub. He twisted them until he found a water temperature which he thought was pleasantly warm. Then he dumped in half a box of Calgon powder soap in the tub – thinking several times over it would be enough, but then believing it would be too little.

When the bath was filled for about a third, Billy stepped out of his jeans. Steve felt his hands get clammy while he was wondering if this was more like a locker room situation (requiring him to politely look away) or a bedroom situation (where looking away was much less required, and potentially the wrong thing to do).

Billy showed no concern for Steve, however. He walked to the tub like an officer going after the local punk looking at them the wrong way. Focused. Determined. A little unhinged. The manner in which Billy got into the water was altogether different from Steve’s: he flopped down in it all at once, not caring about how it might

scorch his skin or slush over the side. Steve usually sampled the heat with his toe three times, and then *slowly* moved in, holding on to the radiator for support. Billy drew his legs to his chest. His features remained blank. Steve stood by uneasily. He combed his hand through his hair.

“Eh,” he said. “I’ll, eh, get you an ice pack.”

The ice pack became a handful of ice cubes in a dish towel, but at least there was ice. At least he didn’t have to return from his hunt empty handed, having only himself to present. He didn’t feel that to be anywhere near comfortable at that moment.

“Here,” Steve said, as he sat down on the lid of the toilet.

Billy took the bundle and pressed it against his face. He’d wiped off the largest crusts of blood from there, but he was far from clean.

It wasn’t raining outside. Steve felt it should be raining outside. It should be pouring so steadfastly that the drops announced themselves with a vicious rattling on the roofs and windows. It should be gushing with such excess that even those seeking shelter in sheds or under bridges would be soaked. Steve wanted it to be so. Then at least he’d have a good reason to feel the way he did. *‘It’s the weather, it’s shit.’*

But instead it was cold and cloudy, with a weak, pale, sun. Steve picked up a washcloth.

“May I?” Steve croaked.

Billy side-eyed him from under his pile of ice. His agreement was signaled through his lack of disagreement. Steve touched the cloth to Billy’s skin. He rubbed at the blood covered part as gently as he dared. His hand settled on Billy’s neck, trapping some damp, but not quite wet, curls.

Steve brought the washcloth to Billy’s chin to remove the vague rosé stripes that remained. Billy helpfully tilted his head back. He slipped the icepack off his face. Steve looked at Billy’s nose. It

didn't appear deformed, so he supposed that meant it wasn't broken or something. He looked at Billy's thickly lashed blue eyes, which looked all sad. He looked at Billy's perfect pink lips. Despite all the physical intimacy they'd shared, they hadn't kissed.

"I shouldn't have stayed," Billy said.

Steve stilled, his stare fixed on a heap of bubbles. They were all shiny and beautiful, and ready to pop at any moment. That was what this was too, wasn't it? This thing between them. A bubble. And now it was going to *pop*.

Although his body remained frozen, Steve's eyes met Billy's. Reflexively, he drew back. His mouth fell open. In Billy's eyes he didn't see ice shards about to cut the cords between them. He saw something of a much graver sort.

"Your *parents* did this to you?"

"Dad."

Steve swallowed. This seemed like the sort of thing that required a response. But what can you say to something like this?

'Wow, that sucks'?

'It's gonna be, ok'?

'My dad doesn't sound like *such* an asshole now'?

Each of these sounded entirely insufficient. He bit his lip.

'Sorry to hear that'?

No, that sounded like Billy just told him that his pet rabbit died.

In the end, Steve said nothing. He put his hand over Billy's, still biting his lip, staring at his shoes. The soft crackling of bubbles popping filled the air. When the sound slowed down because there wasn't much foam left, Billy laced their fingers together.

“Does he *know*?” Steve asked cautiously.

Billy shook his head. “I wouldn’t tell him.”

They locked eyes. The bubble hadn’t popped. Studying those blues, Steve wanted to lean in and kiss him. He wanted to kiss him so bad, but he didn’t want to ruin it. So he implored Billy with his eyes, silently asking him with all his might. But Billy didn’t move, and then the moment was gone.

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Steve was on his way to his final period. English. A load of bull, if you asked him. Kevin was walking beside him, talking about his parents’ investment strategy. It sounded interesting for sure, but it also made Steve realize how much he didn’t know.

“Hey Steve!”

Steve looked over his shoulder reflexively, but the person who’d called out his name was already beside him. It was Billy, who wrapped an arm around Steve’s shoulder and pulled him close with a force great enough to nearly make Steve trip.

“Party at Richie’s on Friday. You coming?”

“Eh...” Steve shot a look to Kevin, whose face signaled confusion and a hint of disapproval. “I’m not sure, man.”

“Don’t be lame!” Billy said. “Of course you are!”

He slammed a hand-drawn flyer into Steve’s chest and then took off with the same break-neck speed with which he’d caught up with Steve.

Kevin huffed. “What’d he want?”

Steve shrugged.

“You friends with Billy Hargrove now?”

“What? Pfff. No!” Steve smoothed the tails of his button-up. “I, eh, ran into him the other day. He was in some trouble, so I helped him out for a bit. Seemed like the decent thing to do. Doesn’t mean I suddenly like the guy though.”

Steve demonstrably crumbled the flyer.

“Good. Doesn’t seem like anything sound will come from hanging out with someone like him.”

“Uh-hu,” Steve sneaked a look toward Kevin. He seemed to be buying it.

“Hey, I gotta split. Got chemistry class. See you later.”

Steve waited until the crowd had swallowed Kevin, then he pushed the crumpled flyer into his bag.

On Wednesday, Steve slipped a note into Billy’s locker: *I’ll be there.*

On Thursday, Steve noticed Billy staring at him during lunch, licking his lips.

On Friday, Steve went to the party.

Richie’s house wasn’t large. Quite the opposite in fact: it was a cramped one story building which could easily be mistaken for a diner. The only reason it was good for a party, was because his mother simply did not care if he trashed the place. She was probably out drinking with some boyfriend. Richie’s father wasn’t around. He used to tell that the guy had been a soldier who had ‘died for *Our Country*’. But everyone suspected the man had just driven off one day when Richie was still a kid.

When Steve had dumped his coat on the pile, he scanned the place for Billy. From across the room, their eyes locked, and Billy beelined to him. *Just like when they first met.* This time, however, it wasn’t apathy that filled Steve, but a pleasant buzz. Almost as if he was tipsy, except he hadn’t been drinking yet.

“Stevie!” Billy greeted him and draped a leather-clad arm



around his shoulder. He pulled the cigarette from his mouth and stuffed it into Steve's. "Let's get you a drink."

He steered Steve towards the kitchen. Steve felt happy being plastered to Billy's body, but was uncomfortable with how much of a whimp he thought he must be looking. He tried to regain some of his dignity by taking the cigarette from his mouth and holding it like it was his scepter.

In the kitchen, he reached for a beer, but Billy pulled it from his hands. Pointing towards the guy who had his back turned towards them. Richie. The guy turned around, bottle in his hand.

"Billy!" He exclaimed. "Steve." He nodded. "Shots?"

"Yeah!" Billy roared. He finally took his arm off Steve. A draft immediately replaced it.

Before Steve had the opportunity to voice his opinion, a cup with a bottom of clear liquid was shoved in his hand.

"What are we having?" he asked, sniffing it.

"Vodka!"

It smelled awful. Not worth tasting, most likely. So Steve made a choice. He put the cup to his mouth, and downed the vodka in one go.

"Ooooh! Look who's back!" Richie exclaimed. "Another?"

Steve grinned. "Yes."

"This is going to be the last moment we remember in the morning, my dudes!" Richie cheered as they all raised their red cups.

It wasn't exactly true, despite the many gratuitous refills of his cup, and the few intermittent beers, Steve didn't lose the night entirely. He retained a distinct memory of participating in a drinking game at some point. What they were playing was lost to him, but he maintained that he had to drink *more-more-more* and that some point someone was imitating a *chicken*. And then it had been Billy's turn

and something happened and everyone had started *oooh*-ing and hollering.

“You gotta choooooose!”

“Yeah! Who do you choose, Billy?”

Billy stood up and laughed. “I pick... *Steve!*”

“Wooh!” someone cheered.

Richie was beside him in an instant with his trusty bottle of vodka. Steve stood up, grinning, realizing something was expected of him, but having no idea what. Billy was approaching him. Steve put his hands on his hips *trying* to look daring, *probably* looking like a wobbling mess, and *feeling* like he was on top of the world.

“Loose the shirt, Harrington, and lie down,” Billy said.

He must have misheard that, right? That, or it had been some stupid joke his drunk brain couldn’t quite catch up with anymore. But people were clearing the table, and looking at him expectantly.

“Dude’s gotta take a shot out of your belly-button,” Richie said.

Steve wanted to whelp, but instead he grinned. “Joke’s on you, Hargrove.”

Steve lowered himself on the table, still grinning *like a shit*. He shoved his shirt up, revealing to the chanting bystanders his pink nipples and three chest hairs.

Richie was next to him with the bottle, and gulped a swig of vodka in the general approximation of belly button. Steve had a moment to consider how he was basically covered in liquor all over, before it all happened in an instant – Billy crouching down between his legs, hand on his thigh, bending over him, lips locking on his stomach, tongue sweeping through the pool of alcohol, and then pulling away – almost too fast to process. But it must have been great, because the others roared and it set Billy on fire.

Billy rose to his feet, cheering loudly for himself. He moved about like a tornado on speed. He snatched a beer can from the table and jumped on backrest of the couch. Towering over everyone he shouted some nonsense about being the best, and about ‘the Cali boy once again showing them what’s real’. He ended his cry for glory with a deep ‘YEAH!’ that channeled the spirits of those who lived thousands of years ago – when men still fought beasts with spears – and punctuated it by smashing the beer can on his forehead. He drenched himself in it completely, and people loved it.

It was utterly and entirely dumb. The absurdity of it all struck Steve so hard, he started laughing loudly and unabashedly. And he couldn’t stop. All of this was stupid and ridiculous, and it was great. He felt young again, he felt alive. These were things that had been ripped away from him months ago, and now, because of a stupid asshole who smashed beer cans on his head, he could feel it again. Steve felt *happy*.

It was also clearly imprinted on his mind that when the party was dying down, Steve and Billy walked home together. He didn’t remember what they talked about, but he did remember that Billy walked with him all the way to his house – even though his own house was in a very different direction. And then when they arrived at Steve’s driveway, Billy looked so *beautiful* in the moonlight. Steve couldn’t help himself. The alcohol had lowered his inhibitions to almost non-existent anyway.

He took Billy’s hand and pulled him with him behind a bush. There he pressed Billy against the side of the house. With Billy’s face in his hands, he pressed their mouths together. And Billy kissed him back. Their lips melted together, swayed, and retook their own form, only to do it again. Billy’s hands settled on Steve’s hips, and then his tongue was in Steve’s mouth. It still tasted like whiskey, but Steve found it didn’t taste so bad now.

“I’m sorry,” Steve said when they broke apart.

“For?”

Billy calmly remained where he was. He didn’t seem upset. He didn’t seem ready to leave. Instead, he grinned.

“Don’t worry your pretty lil’ head so much,” Billy said, with a wink.

It slung Steve into a drunken giggle. When his breath steadied again, they looked at each other. Smiles tugging at the corners of both their mouths.

“Hey, I’d ask you to come in,” Steve said, “but I’m waaaay to drunk to do anything right now. And I, eh, don’t want you to get in trouble again. So, yeah?”

Billy nodded, squeezing Steve’s arm. “Smart call, Harrington.”

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It was day eight in the heatstroke, and the apartment felt like a furnace. Living in California was great – *even* when the sun had basically come down for a staring contest with planet Earth – except for when your mom wouldn’t let you go to the beach like all your friends. No, instead of going to cool off with Tammy, Max Mayfield had the wonderful luck to be locked in the house with her stepbrother while her mum was out with his dad. *Fan-tas-tic*.

She went out in the hallway to get herself some coke – the only upside of being left with blondie was that he didn’t crack down on her for drinking soda.

“–so I told him to *bite me!*” Billy bellowed.

He was followed by a scrawny guy whose curly caramel hair stuck out from his head. He wore a silver ring in his right ear. *Great*. So she wasn’t allowed to see her friends, but Billy could have people over.

“Well fuck him!” Danny, said.

Max knew the guy’s name as he had been at their house a lot lately. They walked past her without a word or a glance, towards Billy’s room.

“Exactly! That’s what I thought!” Billy returned.

Max groaned. Of course they had to be loud and obnoxious too. Next thing, they would blast that crap Billy called music on full volume and she would be forced to listen to it whether she liked it or not. (And she didn’t like it at all.)

Armed with the biggest glass of coke in the house, Max went back to her room. She hadn’t been wrong, AC/DC was loudly blasting through the wall. She put on her Wild Style cassette, which her mother disapproved of, and got out her racing car track out from under her bed, which her mother also disapproved of. Well, too bad for her. Max was just not into all that *young lady*, and make-up stuff. Once she was old enough, she would legally change her name to ‘Max’ and be done with the whole ‘Maxine’ nonsense forever.

She held the button of her car’s control all the way down even as it approached a turn, and the tiny car sped off the tracks. Hitting the wall with a loud ‘THUNK’. Max pouted, but went down on her stomach to retrieve it. At that moment, Billy’s record fell silent. Max could hear sounds from his room, hushed voices. She ran her finger over one of the car’s wheels, turning it faster and faster. Then her curiosity got the better of her. She put her ear to the wall.

“Ow! Ow! You’re hurting me!”

Startled, Max pulled back. The voices bled through the wall louder. No longer pressed up close, she couldn’t decipher what they were saying, but she could make out that they were angry. They were arguing. Fighting. She scooted out from under her desk, uncertain what to do. Her heart hammered in her chest.

A moment later, she heard the door to Billy’s room slamming against the wall. An instant later, she was in the hallway too. Danny stormed into the living room, face red, jean jacket under his arm and his shirt on backward. Billy came after him, barely wearing his pair of jeans.

“Danny, wait!”

“No, seriously, FUCK YOU!” Danny shouted. His eyes were

red, and his voice wavered.

He was making his way to the door, dead-set on leaving. Before he got his chance, however, the door opened from the other side. Neil and mom were standing there, dazed for a moment by what they were beholding. Then, it took but a second for Neil's mood to shift.

Billy's eyes went wide. "Oh, shit."

Neil stepped inside, shoving the bag he was holding into Susan's hands.

"What on Earth is going on here!?" he snarled.

Even Danny was thrown by it, instinctually stepping a few paces back.

"Nothing!" Billy said defensively. "Just..."

"Just, *what*, boy!?" Neil pressed.

"Nothing!"

Danny stood by awkwardly, flicking his eyes between the door and the escalating confrontation between Billy and his dad.

"You are standing here barely dressed, with a boy who doesn't know how to put his shirt on." Neil's voice was low and threatening. His eyes were fragile cages for a fierce fire. And then they snapped towards Max. "Maxine, has anyone else been in the house tonight?"

"N-no," Max stammered.

"It's not what you think! Nothing's going on!" Billy shouted, his voice beginning to lose its edge. This is when Danny saw his opportunity to scoot out the door.

"Don't lie to me, boy!" Neil bellowed, grabbing Billy roughly by his arm.

Max jumped back against the wall as Neil came storming in her direction, dragging a staggering Billy with him. Neil's face was red as a pepper, his knuckles white as bone where they squeezed around Billy's arm. His anger had transformed him into something only barely human. Max was paralyzed by it, especially because she didn't quite understand *why*. Why was Neil this angry?

They disappeared into Billy's room. From Billy's nightstand Neil grabbed a colorful plastic square. He practically shoved it in Billy's face. Max's mother shot forward, crossing the living room and shielding her with her body. Pushing her backwards into the hallway.

"Mom!" Max called out, as she was being led to her room.  
"Mom!"

"You *disgust* me!"

It was the last thing Max heard Neil shouting before the door to her room fell shut. Her mother bend down and hugged her.

"Everything is going to be fine," her mother told her. Smothering her with her heavy perfume.

"Mom!"

"Shh, honey."

"Mom!" Max pushed her mother away with a strength beyond her years. "Is Billy in trouble?"

Her mother pursed her lips, wrapped her arms around her own chest.

"Yes," she said after a moment.

Max's eyes shot from left to right and back as she was trying to process what was going on. What had Billy done to make Neil this angry? What was the source of this?

"I think he was hurting him?" Her words trailed somewhere between a question and a statement.

Instantly, her mother became very still. Her face turned a pale.

“Why do you think that?” Her mother’s voice was stern and serious. Was *she* in trouble now too?

“I... I heard him. Danny. He cried out that Billy was hurting him.” She shook her head, frightened now.

Her mother crouched in front of her, brushed a lock of Max’s ginger hair behind her ear.

“Are you sure of this, Maxine?”

Max shook her head. Confused. “Y-yes?”

Her mother hugged her then, tightly. “Thank you for telling me this. You are very brave.”

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Chapter tags: #Steve Harrington/Billy Hargrove, #abuse, #angst, #Hurt/comfort, #Billy’s past

Just FYI, I didn't make up the idea of a belly button shot. I have witnessed people doing this. :')